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THE ACADEMY

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Edited by CECIL COWPER, Esq., J.P., Barrister-at-Law

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE Conference has held its fifth session, and we are still left in complete darkness as to the result of its labours. We doubt if any progress has been made or will be made towards a settlement of any of the questions involved. What is Lord Lansdowne's position? Is he there simply as a distinguished statesman who has occupied the highest posts both at home and abroad, or does he pose as the chosen envoy of the House of Lords? For the latter he has no mandate, and he has no power to commit the Conservative peers to any particular line of action, even though such a course might commend itself to his fellow representatives. We do not believe for one moment that Lord Lansdowne would take any step to sacrifice or to compromise the position of the House of Lords either with regard to the Veto or over the question of "reform." He has proved himself one of the stoutest champions of his party and its principles in the struggle of the last four years. We feel, however, that it would not be fair to leave our opponents under any illusions, and especially to let them think that Lord Lansdowne carries a mandate into the conference. In our opinion the position of Lord Lansdowne may be described as approximating rather to that of an *amicus curiae* than to that of a delegate representing the view of his brother Conservative peers.

The Select Committee appointed to consider the necessary proposals for the maintenance of the Royal Family has made its report. The Committee consisted of twenty-one members, and they were unanimous, with the exception of Mr. Barnes, who has put forward some special recommendations of his own. No change is made in the sum of £470,000 voted to the King and Queen, and the only new addition is the £70,000 granted to Queen Alexandra as her widow's portion. The total Civil List for the new reign will be £660,000 instead of £576,000, the figure at the late King's death. The revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall,

which amounted to £87,000 last year, are set aside for the Prince of Wales. Each of the King's sons is to receive £10,000 a year at majority, and a further £15,000 a year on marriage, and the daughters £6,000 a year at majority or marriage. Parliament is not to be asked to provide for the children of younger members of the Royal Family. It is interesting to note that a special grant of £55,000 is to be provided during the current year in order to place the palaces in a fit condition for occupation. This can only mean that some change is intended in Buckingham Palace, which will probably take the form of a new front of real stone of attractive design.

On Friday, July 8, Mr. Chamberlain celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday, the anniversary being marked by numerous meetings held throughout the country by the various branches of the Tariff Reform League. As the years pass, Mr. Chamberlain, in spite of his retirement, seems to loom larger in the public eye. His loss to the Conservative party is irreparable. Men of his stamp are rare, and that irresistible combination of high mental qualities, combined with tremendous energy and personal magnetism, is singularly lacking in most of our public men. We believe that the great apostle of Tariff Reform will live to see the policy he so ably advocated carried out. The strenuous exertions of the Tariff Reform League during the last seven years have borne good fruit, and it is now only a question of time before the work receives its consummation by Act of Parliament. It is to be regretted that Mr. Chamberlain himself is not able to lead the forces to their triumph; but as long as he is with us to watch our efforts and to give us his advice, the victory is assured.

Mr. George Wyndham put the case for Tariff Reform very clearly and concisely at the meeting of the Women's Amalgamated Unionist and Tariff Reform Association. He declared that two unions were necessary—(1) the union of the Empire, and (2) the union of the classes—and that in order to achieve these ends we must have an improvement in social conditions, a sound national defence, and, above all, Tariff Reform. We were also reminded that this country had failed to keep pace with its rivals, that both in Germany and the United States the standard of living had risen by leaps and bounds, and that by the three great tests of unemployment, pauperism, and emigration our case stands the blackest. These facts cannot be gainsaid. Although from time to time we have temporary and spasmodic trade revivals, the average figure of unemployment remains at nearly 8 per cent., which means that close on a million of our population cannot find work, in spite of the assistance of Labour Exchanges. In thirty years our agriculture has declined by 50 per cent., and it can hardly be a healthy state of affairs for any community if almost its entire population is to live and to work in towns. The first fact which almost invariably strikes the American magnate on a visit to this country is the wealth we are losing by allowing our agriculture to decline. We can only revive it by a duty on foreign wheat, and, at the same time, giving protection to the market gardener and introducing a judicious system of small holdings, whereby the farmer shall own his own land and have all the incentive given by a feeling of ownership, and not merely lease it from the municipality. Surely it is time that serious notice was taken of the question of the food supply of this country. Ought we not to cultivate more for ourselves and be less dependent on the foreigner? Think of the tremendous burden of responsibility thrown on our fleet if it be obliged to keep all the avenues of supply open in time of war. If we cannot produce enough for our own wants, it would be better to be dependent on our Colonies than on nations who may be openly hostile to us. Tariff Reform alone can revive agriculture.

Mr. Byles has given notice that when the Shipbuilding Bill comes up on Thursday he will move its reduction by five millions. He is sure to receive a good deal of support from the Labour party and the extreme Liberal wing. We hope that the Government will stand firm by their proposals, and they can rely upon the Conservative party to assist them if they are placed in a corner by the action of their own followers. There is nothing extravagant in the Naval Estimates for this year. They are merely adequate to our needs, and have been carefully framed to enable us to keep pace with our rivals. If anything, they err on the side of weakness. Mr. Byles and his party declare that the urgent needs of social reform are being sacrificed to armaments, but it would surely be more practical if these agitators were to get their friends in other countries to reduce their armaments before wishing us to place ourselves entirely at the mercy of foreign nations. The Powers of the Triple Alliance have in hand twenty-one Dreadnoughts in course of construction to the twenty of the British Navy, and four more are projected to the British five. It cannot therefore be argued that we are expending excessive sums in the protection of our over-seas Empire. We do not believe that war between this country and Germany is imminent, or that Germany desires to invade our shores. We have held command of the seas for so long that we are apt to resent any intrusion on our special domain. But we cannot live for ever on the legacy bequeathed us by Nelson. We have no more moral right to the sea than any other Power except that which our strength and our efficiency give us. We have got to keep our fleet up to date. We cannot go to the Powers and say: "We have been pre-eminent for a hundred years and therefore you have no right to compete with us." We should be laughed at for our pains. The attitude of Germany can easily be explained. She is watching us, and is preparing herself to take advantage of any signs which point to the break-up of our Empire. This she has a perfect right to do. We acquired our world power by taking advantage of the misfortunes of others, and we can only hope to keep that power as long as our arm is strong. We need have no fear of Germany or of a German invasion as long as we are true to ourselves and are not deceived by a false sentimentality or mock humanitarianism into weakening our defensive forces. The break-up of the British Empire would be the most colossal misfortune the world has ever seen, and some other Power would soon be called upon to fill the position of guardian to the many races whom we guide and control. That Power would undoubtedly be Germany, or a combination of the Germanic States; but we fancy the day is far distant. We have far less to fear from German Dreadnoughts and from German competition than from the canker in our midst, as exemplified by the foolish ethics of Mr. Byles and his friends.

The agreement between Russia and Japan is an event in the politics of the world which it is not desirable to handle, at the present juncture, with too much freedom. Immediate consequences can scarcely be otherwise than favourable to the peace of the world. Any situation which seems to threaten the legitimate exercise of the preponderating influence of Japan must necessarily have the germs of conflict in it. This is equally true of the case in which jealousy and even veiled hostility were permitted to manifest themselves to check the expansion of Japan in the area which is obviously within her sphere of influence. Korea, which a quarter of a century ago was thought by the most profound political thinkers to be sure to furnish the cause of an Anglo-Russian conflict, now quite naturally falls within the sphere of Japanese action, and the two European Powers can eliminate a serious element of discord. So far as published statements of the scope of the agreement can be trusted, there should be little at which Western Powers can cavil. The usual disquiet-

ing forecasts emerge from the limbo of speculation. England is "dished"; Germany is undone; the United States are ready to fling down the gauntlet. These mock heroics make excellent copy, and do no particular harm.

Apart, however, from the love of disputation, it is permissible to ask: Why is the agreement under consideration viewed in a gloomy light or a morose spirit? Its main object is to maintain the open door in China. Who wants to close it, or who believes that it can be closed? Its next object is to declare existing rights of the two Powers in Manchurian railways, and to provide for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the territories covered by those railways; also to secure co-operation in place of competition. Provisions such as those surely make for peace. The further provision, that in the event of action threatening the *status quo* as set forth in existing treaties, the two Powers will confer together regarding the measures to be taken to maintain it inviolate, also tends to peace. It is not the strong man armed, who is perfectly conscious of what he possesses and of the means of safeguarding it, who is usually the object of attack. Undoubtedly the Far-Eastern agreement has an important bearing on the European situation; but here again we think the tendency will be in the direction of peace. The danger of the European situation lately has been the disturbance of the balance of power after the conflict between Russia and Japan. Moderation and sane statesmanship have in that threatening atmosphere restrained the elements of disturbance. It would not be good logic to argue that in a situation relieved of much of its dubiety and tension those forces will exert a lesser influence for good than heretofore.

Probably one of the most difficult arts is that of adequately summing up to a jury; and it is very remarkable, whether we look to the High Court or to other courts throughout the country, how few of those who preside possess this essential qualification. The whole utility of trial by jury depends upon members of the jury being able to grasp the gist of the case which is before them. Nearly all cases are overloaded with a mass of matter which is not actually irrelevant, but which serves to obscure the actual issue. The evidence before juries is given in a disjointed manner. Important evidence is often sandwiched in between statements by witnesses which have very little bearing upon the ultimate issue. The jury, after a long hearing, has had a mass of details placed before it, which it is impossible for the ordinary mind, albeit business mind, adequately to arrange and digest. At that point comes the important function which attaches to the president of the court. He has to separate the chaff from the wheat. He has gradually to direct the mind of the jury to the often few essentials which have emerged during the hearing. It is given in reality to very few minds to be able to perform this task in a satisfactory manner. One man is too learned and too erudite. He will range over a wide sphere of the law until he comes to the one essential point. By that time the minds of the jury have become so confused, that they are not in a state of receptivity. Another man will pass too lightly over many qualifications which attach to legal problems, and in that way will fail to convey to the mind of the jury the limitations within which they must find their verdict. In arranging the facts to put before a jury, a highly analytical mind is required, and how few possess it. It is extremely easy to render confusion worse confounded. The great aim, in our opinion, in summing up should be to crystallise the important points for the jury's consideration, leaving out of view altogether others which only tend to mystify and confuse them. If this rule were more frequently acted on, we think that pained expression, that completely puzzled look, which is often

observable on the faces of these seekers after truth, would be far seldomer apparent. It is only human nature that the president of the court, after a long and tedious hearing, should wish to have his innings, and he consequently occasionally embarks on the well-known voyage from China to Peru. As a lecture it is excellent; as a finger-post it is delusive. The jury, already exhausted by the evidence, is reduced to pulp by the summing-up. A plain, bald statement of the law and essential facts is, we think, the stimulus which directs the untrained mind into the avenue which leads to the right destination.

The great fight at Reno has been lost and won. It is more than likely to go down to posterity as the last of the great Ring battles. There has been a general revulsion of feeling against the brutality of the spectacle throughout the United States, due to the fact that the white man was defeated. Already serious rioting has broken out, and many niggers have paid with their lives the price of Johnson's historic victory. The accounts sent by the army of special correspondents at Reno are interesting and instructive. The little mining town of a few thousand inhabitants was suddenly found to be transformed as if by a touch of the magician's wand into a veritable Gomorrah of vice. Thirty thousand visitors jostled each other in the streets or crowded the bars and gambling saloons, which were left open day and night. Among the throng were to be seen famous millionaires, ex-prize fighters, cow-boys, English tourists, convicts, niggers, and many members of the female sex. Amongst the throng pickpockets and card-sharpers plied a profitable trade. Every bed in the town was sold at an enormous profit. Food was short, and Reno was almost on the verge of starvation. Millionaires found themselves in the unusual predicament of being unable to secure either food or lodging. Thousands unable to find accommodation passed their days and nights in the open under a scorching sun. Grave fears were entertained that if Johnson gained the day there might be serious rioting. Special constables were therefore sworn in, and every precaution was taken. On Monday, July 4, this motley throng hastened to the arena hours before the time fixed for the commencement of the combat. Every individual, whether millionaire, cowboy, convict, or nigger, was searched at the entrance, and all revolvers, sticks, bottles, bludgeons, and bowie knives, which the *élite* of Reno are accustomed to carry, were taken from them, and receipts given in their place.

The waiting hours were passed in listening to bands and in introducing the old-time champions. Johnson was the first to arrive, and he received a very fine ovation from the audience, in spite of the tales we have heard to the contrary, which seems to prove that, notwithstanding their patriotism, the majority of the whites had the sense to back him. When Jeffries arrived at the arena he received an ovation such as no fighter has ever had before. There could be no doubt as to which man was the favourite. Five hundred ladies were present, some in boxes specially constructed for their accommodation. A doctor who had examined Johnson came back and reported that he was on the verge of nervous prostration. This roused the hopes of Jeffries' supporters, but, in the light of what subsequently happened, we would advise the doctor to seek some other vocation. It was over an hour after the advertised time before the men entered the ring, Johnson all smiles, and Jeffries sullenly chewing his favourite gum. The preliminaries occupied but little time, and the men stripped, and their supporters were able to judge of their condition. Jeffries is described as "being the same hairy monster as of old," and both were said to be in splendid shape. This is no place to describe the pitiable scene which followed. The old story of Corbett and Sullivan, Dempsey and Ryan, was repeated. The veteran went down before the call of time. Jeffries' burly exterior was merely

a shell in which the snap and vitality of youth were no longer to be found.

After the first four rounds Johnson's broad smile was always in evidence. He played with the worn-out veteran and bantered his supporters. Johnson possesses a keen sense of humour which is not always appreciated by his opponents. "Did you see that one, Jim?" he smilingly asked Corbett, after catching Jeffries a frightful blow in the eye. "Hullo, Tommy!" he said, turning to Burns, "I forgot to show you this one at Sydney," and, suiting the action to the word, he landed a terrific right swing. Amongst the audience sat his white wife all smiles and smothered with diamonds; whilst poor Mrs. Jeffries, in her villa ten miles away, heard the progress of the fight on the telephone. From the eighth round it was evident that the fight could only end one way. Both of Jeffries' eyes were closed, and he groped in vain for the black phantom which battered him at will. Many of Jeffries' supporters, seeing the end was near, left the ring rather than witness the downfall of the ex-champion. In the fourteenth round Jeffries' seconds wished to throw up the sponge, but the indomitable man refused to let them. The end came in the fifteenth; Johnson sailed in with terrific swings, and felled Jeffries, who dropped almost through the ropes. A scene of pandemonium followed. Jeffries was dragged back by his seconds, only to be felled again. Then Ted Rickard counted off the fateful seconds. Jeffries did not stir. He remained a limp and helpless figure on his knees. Complete silence descended on the arena. The Whites were overwhelmed by defeat, and the Blacks failed to cheer, hardly realising that the victory had been won. All eyes were fixed on the ebony figure in the centre of the ring. There he stood, smiling and wafting kisses to his wife, black, brutal, bestial, but triumphant, the winner of the greatest victory for the black race since Gettysburg. "Boys, I am no good as a fighter any longer. I couldn't come back. Ask Johnson for his gloves." It is the swan song of the fallen gladiator. Then the whir of the cinematograph recalled the audience to their senses, and reminded them that the dollars were accumulating still.

Mr. G. H. Clutsam's delightful opera, "A Summer Night," to be produced at His Majesty's on July 16 by the Beecham Opera Comique Company, comes, in a sense, as a contrast to the operas that we have been hearing of of late, inasmuch as it has but five principal characters, a chorus that we are somewhat quaintly told "remains silent throughout," while, in addition, it has but a single act, and lasts from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half only. It is of further interest to note that Mr. Clutsam composed not only the music of "A Summer Night," but that he has been his own librettist also, though he tells us that his "book" is based upon one of the tales in the "Heptameron" of Margaret of Navarre. Of the five principal characters, two are women. The opera opens at sunset and closes at sunrise, and the scene—for there is but one, with a ten minutes' orchestral "interlude"—is laid on a farm in Tuscany. Great demands are made upon the orchestra, and although there really is nothing in any way conventional about the piece, which may be said to be enveloped from beginning to end in an atmosphere of joyousness, the music, of course light in *motif*, is none the less treated seriously from the harmonic standpoint. The score is constructed upon the representative theme principle, and both idiom and harmony are quite modern. In the vocal writing the composer has for the most part tried to bend his curves as near as possible to the inflections of the speaking voice, though the music is not without its lyrical passages. Other features are the orchestral interlude typical of the passing of night to morning, the use of the whole tone scale, and the unusual manner in which the lower notes of the celesta are employed. The opera is scored for the ordinary full orchestra.

"HEART'S HAPPYLAND"

Upon the threshold of my heart
 I looked, and saw one stand,
 Who knocked upon the crimson gate
 With loud and beating hand,
 And begged to enter in and walk
 Adown Heart's Happyland.

"And who art thou, and who art thou
 Who seeks to enter in,
 And from my own Heart's Happyland
 A pleasurance to win?"

"I am the King of Great Delight,
 Whose other name is Sin."

"Knock not so loud, knock not so loud,
 Heart's Happyland outside.
 It is no resting-place for Kings,
 Who know the world is wide.
 My heart hath had one great delight,
 But that delight hath died."

Upon the threshold of my heart
 I looked, and saw one rest
 With pallid hands, like weary doves,
 Afold upon his breast,
 And in his eyes the look of one
 Whom God sometime hath blest.

"And who art thou, and who art thou,
 With saddened eyes, who nears
 Heart's Happyland that Fate hath left
 A wilderness for years?"

"I am the Lord of Love," he cried,
 "And am the Prince of Tears."

"Knock not so loud, knock not so loud,
 Or seek thou not to stay.
 Heart's Happyland had open gates
 For you but yesterday.
 Alas! how can I till the flowers
 Your tears have washed away?"

Upon the threshold of my heart
 I looked, and saw one tread
 The steps, and, weeping, kneel before
 The silent gates of red,
 And lo! his face was as the face
 When Summertime lies dead.

"And who art thou, and who art thou
 So shadowed with thy care?
 Is my Heart's Happyland so sweet
 You fain would enter there?"

"I am what once was Hope," he cried,
 "But now am called Despair."

"Knock not so loud, knock not so loud.
 'Twere best that thou shouldst go.
 'Twas thou that mad'st Heart's Happyland
 A barren waste of snow,
 And called the rose to blossom red
 Where roses should not blow."

Upon the threshold of my heart
 I heard one chaunting sweet,
 And flung the scarlet gates apart
 The chorister to greet,
 To kneel with raptured eyes full low
 In worship at his feet.

"And who art thou, and who art thou
 Whose song is sweet to me?
 Who calls the waste Heart's Happyland
 To bud and ecstasy?"

"I am the one thou waitest for,
 Whose name is Memory."

"Come in, come in and bar the door,
 Dear Soul of Yesterday,
 And far across Heart's Happyland
 Together we will stray.
 It was for you, it was for you
 I sent them all away."

A. S.

LORD ROSEBERY ON EDUCATION AND CHARACTER

LORD ROSEBERY made an interesting and instructive speech last week in opening the new buildings of the Colchester Royal Grammar School. The burden of his address was the tendency of our modern system of education and its bearing on the formation of character. "We want men," was the keynote of his address, if we are to regard hopefully the future of our Empire. Not men who are mere machines, but men of character. This is a commonplace which should be in every sane person's mind; but, nevertheless, the warning coming from such an authoritative source is timely:—

All nations now are demanding fresh outlets for commerce, fresh means of expansion, fresh employment for their people—to whatever degree they may belong; and for all these purposes the best education that we can give is necessary to enable our nation not merely to win, but to hold its own in the fight.

Undoubtedly, if we are to preserve our Empire, we must prepare our citizens to meet the competition of foreign rivals. But does our system of education in our private, public, national schools or universities tend towards this desirable result? Lord Rosebery thinks it does not, and in this we are entirely in agreement with him:—

But have we hitherto been fitting our boys to occupy the positions open to them? I greatly doubt it, and it is to you and to others who preside over such schools as this I would give the earnest advice that in educating boys you should think not merely of the school honours they can get, but of the end which they have to answer in life.

This timely warning should be posted up over every school in the country. When one considers the enormous amount of time, energy, and brain power devoted to the study of the classics, to abstruse points in ancient history, and to mathematics compared to that which is given to the practical and material side of life, there is surely ground for considerable misgiving. There is nothing more cruel than to launch a youth on the sea of life with an education which has only developed his imaginative qualities towards the enjoyment of all those things which are beyond his reach, and to expect him safely to combat the realities and hardships of the struggle to earn a living.

What we want in England, what I think we shall increasingly want, is men—men in character.

Here, again, can it be seriously maintained that our educational system tends towards the building up of either character or individuality? School life is hardly conducive to this. For many years every boy and many girls, at a time when their characters should be formed, are subjected to a machine-like instruction and discipline. There is the same cast-iron treatment for all, quite irrespective of the fact that every individual possesses different characteristics, and that what may be good for one may be totally unsuitable for another. Do not our children see too much of school life and too little of home life at a time when their minds are most susceptible to the influence of their surroundings? Do not many parents regard a school simply as an expedient for getting rid of their children at a troublesome age? Would not a little more of the home and a little less of the stereotyped discipline of the school do more to develop individuality and character, and thus check some of the evil against which Lord Rosebery warns us? He regards the formation of character as the only real check to the spread of Socialism, and warns us that there is a tendency in the world "to impair and to impinge on the liberty of the individual." This almost sounds like an extract from his famous Budget address, but the warning cannot be repeated too often.

"There is room," Lord Rosebery went on to say, "for all the educated youth of Great Britain—room and occupation for all, if not at home, at any rate in the Empire." Here we must confess that we do not find ourselves in entire agreement with the speaker. It seems to us that the great difficulty, which not only this but every country is

called upon to face at the present time, is to provide suitable berths for those who have been educated to a standard far beyond the dreams of our forefathers. We admit that only education can give every citizen an equal chance in the great life struggle. When this has been done each individual must be left to his own resource and ability. But there is, and always must be, an immense amount of manual and menial labour to be done, and every year, as education increases, those who are engaged in the humbler walks of life will feel with increasing keenness the dull monotony of their lives. Their minds and their imaginations are yearly improved by study, thus creating within themselves a palace of superiority which can find no outward expression in their work and surroundings because the toll of civilisation must be paid by the due performance of the menial tasks. We believe that the spread of Socialism is due to this cause more than to any other. The large majority of the present-day dupes of Socialism do not understand the meaning of the term, and if they did they would be the first to repudiate the doctrines and ethics of the extremists. The term is merely a useful way of expressing that vague and indefinable feeling of discontent and unrest amongst those who feel that they are superior to their daily labour and to their social status.

I think that this country reared its greatest race from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth centuries. It seems to me that the great age of Elizabeth has stamped itself on the nation all through and for generations to come. The period from the accession of Elizabeth to the restoration of Charles II. seems to me not only to have produced the greatest characters in English history, but one has the feeling in reading the history of those times that the men all through, from the highest to the lowest, were of a higher quality than we are now.

Here again we do not agree with the speaker. We believe that the men of the present day are every whit as good as those of any other age in history, but there is less opportunity for them to display those qualities of enterprise and individuality which Lord Rosebery claims reached their zenith in the epoch from Elizabeth to Charles II. The discovery of the New World was an irresistible attraction to the adventurers of all nations. The choicest quarters of the globe were calling for occupation and mastership. What more inspiring call could come to the young men of any age? Were a new world to be found to-morrow this country would produce just as many Drakes, Frobishers, and Raleighs as it did in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The men of all ages vary but little. Empires come and Empires go, but in the individual you find the same virtues and the same vices. To-day our energies must be turned to more peaceful, if less attractive, pursuits than in the sixteenth century. The sword must be sheathed, but the plough remains. There are vast lands calling for settlers in all portions of our Empire. Lord Rosebery has performed a timely service in again pointing out this fact. Let us educate our sons in the paths of future utility. Let us train their minds in such a way that they will still feel the exhilarating "call of the wild" just as it was felt by the Elizabethans, and so that they may hasten to open up those vast unexploited fields where there is still room for enterprise and individuality. This is a nobler ideal than "hanging round" the Motherland and dragging out a miserable existence amongst labour exchanges and the workhouse, imbibing the decrepit doctrines of Socialism or Communism.

A VETERAN RESERVE

It was our privilege lately to be present on an occasion not only interesting, but pregnant with developments of far-reaching importance. We refer to the parade of the Veteran Reserve of the County of Surrey on the Horse Guards Parade. Nothing which has appeared in the Press has depicted in too glowing colours the actuality or the promise which made themselves manifest. A single county, the pioneer of the movement, paraded some 1,400 men, whose bearing won the genuine admiration of alike

military and civilian critics. The men represented a purely voluntary increment of military strength. They had retired from the military sphere, and, but for the efforts of the Lord-Lieutenant and Territorial Association of Surrey, would have been held, in a military sense, to have become practically non-existent. There was no glamour of paraphernalia. Each man came to the muster in his ordinary clothes, and without equipment of any kind. They had entered their names on the register as being ready, if their country wanted them, to come forward in any moment of need to place their acquired knowledge and skill at the service of the Government wherever and whenever they might be required for Home defence.

Such was the basis of the movement in Surrey. The War Office, in a memorandum, has detailed useful but uninspiring duties—subject to revision, it is to be hoped—to the force, which it is hoped will be gradually built up by the efforts of the various County Associations throughout the kingdom. The total number enrolled in Surrey on the veteran register approaches 2,500, and therefore the number mustered on the Horse Guards Parade at the recent review was merely representative. Since the review, to our knowledge, many veterans are making inquiries with a view to registering themselves in the force. Observing what has been accomplished in one county, it is easy to gauge the significance of the movement when in operation throughout the country.

We are not blind to certain difficulties which will require careful handling by the authorities if the embryo force is to arrive at the greatest perfection of usefulness. For instance, the men who are registering themselves belong to two categories. Some are old soldiers who have seen service in the field, and some are ex-Volunteers who have not had that experience. These two categories are not on precisely the same footing as to the method in which they can be dealt with. The old soldier will probably look for a regular officer to be in command over him, and might not as readily conform himself to acting under the orders of a Territorial officer as the ex-Volunteer would do. The question will probably arise whether veterans are to be attached to existing battalions of Territorials indiscriminately or whether they might be attached as separate companies under the command of officers thought to be specially suitable to be detailed for that duty.

Again, an undoubted element of efficiency and usefulness would be added if opportunities for rifle practice could be at least open to members of the organisation. As regards rifles, in this connection a suggestion has been put forward that a few amongst several men would be sufficient, and that these rifles might be stored and kept serviceable in the municipal offices belonging to each district at a very little cost. In the opinion of many such would be preferable as well as more economical a course than placing rifles in the hands and in the care of individual members. The question of uniform is one which must, in order to meet the requirements of international warfare, be faced without delay. There seems no reason why slouch hats should not be served out. If this were done, a much smarter appearance would be presented than was observed on the Horse Guards Parade, when the diversity of head-gear was somewhat incongruous. In addition, an armlet, a bandolier, and a belt for extra ammunition would, if recognised by the regulations, satisfy the conditions of the Hague Convention. We cordially concur in the main outlines laid down by the *Spectator*, whose accomplished editor, Mr. St. Loe Strachey, has done so much to foster and bring the movement to fruition in Surrey. No regulations must be made which would impinge on the absolutely Volunteer basis of the movement, and no onerous obligations must be placed on men whose patriotism has led them to notify the State that in time of emergency they are ready to place their services at the disposal of their country. The proposal which has been initiated in Surrey to substitute for a central parade, such as that at the Horse Guards, many local parades on the same day, appears to us to be a valuable one, embodying, as it would, an experimental mobilisation.

MAETERLINCK AND HIS ART

THE writer who deliberately chooses as his sphere of labour the intangible realities of the human mind, rather than the visible and more easily appreciable happenings of life in its outward manifestations, assigns himself to a task—a difficult task, for the adequate performance of which a special quality of aptness and judgment is necessary. He has no definite story of certain men and women to relate, except in so far as they may illustrate and emphasise a pattern of thought which rests ever before his inner vision—that pattern which he constantly strives to reproduce in a net woven of faultless words; therefore his temptations in the way of digressions are numerous and fascinating, and by precisely the degree in which he understands how to yield to them, and when to resist them, his art is to the trained reader lovely and lovable—conditionally, that is, to his possession of the divine gift.

In this almost unconscious management of the art of digression, of judicious wanderings and returnings (strenuously and too consciously employed, it deteriorates to artifice), Maurice Maeterlinck is one of the few living masters. The reader is in the position of one who is taken for some pleasant journey along a sunny road, from which branch many winding paths among the meadows, many dreamy bye-lanes sprinkled with flowers. Here and there he rambles, escorted by the optimist who is his guide, philosopher, and friend, never hesitating to pluck a posy, to pause for a long glance down some deep, delightful vista suddenly opened, or to drink at the musical invitation of some quiet stream. To the author, the mystery and magic of this journey along the road of life are never absent. Where leads the road through sun and rain, through dust and heat, through frost and snow? What mean these crimson blooms of joy, these pale blossoms of sorrow, by the wayside? "Quel mystère avons-nous laissé derrière nous? Dans quel mystère entrerons-nous au bout de ce voyage d'un jour?" These are problems which he is ever propounding and endeavouring to fathom, this "untiring harvester in the fields of theory." Philosopher, in the strict sense, Maeterlinck is not; neither is he purely a poet, but he partakes inimitably of the qualities of both. The austerity of the philosopher is suffused and warmed by the inspiration and insight of the poet; the dangerous enthusiasms and fervent fantasies of the poet uncontrolled are held in leash, formulated, and rendered virile by the stern spirit of the insatiable enquirer. From the mingling of these antagonistic attributes arises that fine serenity, that tranquil dignity, that smiling challenge to life, which from beginning to end inform the work of this gentle psycho-logician.

In drawing such analogies, we refer more especially to the series of essays which have one by one, with cumulative effect, placed Maeterlinck securely high in the estimation of European critics, and which also have reached a wider public, probably, than his dramatic writings. M. Gerard Harry, in his recent lucid study of our author, touches cleverly upon a possible reason for the appeal—the surprisingly extensive appeal, we might remark—which so introspective a mind has made to circles outside the elect. "Chez cet ascète de la pensée," he says, "il y a un solide et très-moderne athlète; chez ce mystique ingénu, un savant appliqué et lucide; chez cet explorateur des catacombes de l'âme, chez cet amant des énigmes supraterrrestres, un observateur aigü et l'interprète le plus précis—s'il veut—de l'humanité présente et visible." The statement might be verified and exemplified in a hundred

instances by quotation. Take the beautiful analysis of love, as between man and woman, in "The Treasure of the Humble." "When Fate sends forth the woman it has chosen for us—sends her forth from the fastnesses of the great spiritual cities in which we, all unconsciously, dwell, and she awaits us at the crossing of the road we have to traverse when the hour is come—we are warned at the first glance. . . . The woman never forgets the path that leads to the centre of her being; and no matter whether I find her in opulence or in poverty, in ignorance or in fulness of knowledge, in shame or in glory, do I but whisper one word that has truly come forth from the virgin depths of my soul, she will retrace her footsteps along the mysterious paths that she has never forgotten, and without a moment's hesitation will she bring back to me, from out her inexhaustible stores of love, a word, a look, a gesture that shall be no less pure than my own. It is as though her soul were ever within call." Or, from the same volume, a sentence taken at random: "Though you have but a little room, do you fancy that God is not there, too, and that it is impossible to live therein a life that shall be somewhat lofty?" And from that memorable book, "La Vie des Abeilles," readers will recall many a passage of haunting beauty. If, as has been cleverly said, language is fossil poetry, by such exposition it is brought to a new and vivid life.

To most of his English friends came a curious feeling of incongruity when they heard, twelve months ago, that Maeterlinck was engaged upon a translation of "Macbeth," in order that the play should be produced on a grand scale at the Abbey of St. Wandrille, his home on the bank of the Seine. Bearing in mind his own plays, it was inevitably questioned whether the peculiar and characteristic delicacy with which everything he writes is informed was suitable for a rendering of that immortal tragedy sufficiently austere and poignant to give it life. As far as the present writer is aware, the translation has not yet become known in this country; but it is to be hoped that, even though achieved for a single occasion, it will eventually be published here, for Shakespeare goes hardly into the amenities of French, and it would prove highly interesting matter for the schoolmen. It is difficult to imagine that bluff demand of Lady Macbeth—

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you drest yourself?

in another language; or, again, the phrases—

What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win?

might easily lead to complications. Does M. Maeterlinck interpolate, as did Garrick, a speech or two for Macbeth—"the sort of thing," as Professor Raleigh remarks pungently, "that makes every lover of Shakespeare willing, so far as the great tragedies are concerned, to forswear the theatre altogether"? Probably he is too true an artist, and imbued with too sympathetic a feeling for English literature, to commit such a sin.

Maeterlinck resolutely refuses to pen a single paragraph or sentence that shall appeal merely to the appetite of the clamorous crowd. He stands aloof, seeking, as it might be, to accomplish with words the miracles of some ancient magician. With a kind of spiritual alchemy he transmutes these little combinations of printed letters into symbols and crystalline thoughts that glow and glimmer as with internal fires, evolving, as he does so, from the most commonplace occurrences of life, dreams and visions that cast a spell of poesy over every page. The obvious danger of this method of writing is that it may so readily become "precious," fastidious to an annoying extent; the unskilled author who attempts to soar in this way can easily affront good taste and drop to bathos. Very rarely, however, does M. Maeterlinck show any sign of this failing. There are indications of it in one or two of his plays—in "Alladine and Palomides," for example, when Palomides

says to Alladine: "Do not close your eyes when I kiss you. . . . I want to look into your heart and see my kisses quivering there, and the dew that steals up from your soul." Even here the book may be rightly defined as more poem than play—a subject for the study rather than for presentation in the publicity of a theatre; taken thus, it retains its power.

What is the use, the efficacy, the ultimate good, of such work as Maeterlinck gives us? This question—pertinent enough from his point of view—is sometimes asked by the practical man whose ears are either not trained to hear, or incapable of hearing, the undertones and subtle harmonies which surround him. He understands the utility of the great scientist—from such work he can perceive manifest gain in discoveries, inventions, appliances for the amelioration of human suffering, additions to the general sum of human happiness and welfare. He can appreciate the utility of the explorer—from this he sees new countries grow, new civilisations extend, new industries form, new rivalries come into being. But from exponents of ideals, masters of the written word, he discerns no particular result, save that they may serve to charm away an idle hour. To argue with such a man, worthy fellow though he may be, is disheartening and usually unprofitable; it is as though one should endeavour to explain to an unmusical person the mysteries of Bach's giant fugue, or the consummate beauty of Chopin's nocturnes. Occasionally, however, he may be brought to realise that there are experiences of the soul in quiet hours which transcend the joys of physical action or the pleasures of the money market. "The ground of a man's joy," said R. L. Stevenson, "is often hard to hit . . . the man's true life, for which he consents to live, may lie altogether in the field of fancy"—a statement absolutely and perfectly accurate. "It is in the mind that the elements and conditions of truth and beauty, elsewhere dispersed and sown abroad, are brought together and blended into harmony." Truly, again, does Professor Caird remark, in his notable essay on Goethe, that "poetic truth does not lie on the surface any more than scientific truth; the poet ignores or endeavours to get beyond the external mechanism of the world. The poet, like the philosopher, is in search of a deeper truth in things than that which is the object of science." The difficulty, of course, is to expound this to those who live in a different world and speak a different tongue.

While insisting thus on the intellectual vision, Maeterlinck is yet no ascetic. The ascetic may be roughly defined as one who beholds beautiful shapes, but misses wilfully the warm colours. To such an emaciated mental condition Maeterlinck has no kinship. It is the inherent loveliness and wonder of life which he expresses and emphasises; to him "not a single day is trivial—all that happens to us is divinely great." In one inspiring passage from an essay which is perhaps his finest he elucidates this point with a delicacy that is quite enchanting. "Our lives," he writes, "must be spent seeking our God, for God hides; but His artifices, once they be known, seem so simple and smiling! From that moment the merest nothing reveals His presence, and the greatness of our lives depends on so little. Even thus may the verse of a poet, in the midst of the humble incidents of ordinary days, suddenly reveal to us something that is stupendous. No solemn word has been pronounced, and yet . . . why does a vast night, starred with angels, extend over the smile of a child, and why, around a yes or no, murmured by a soul that sings and busies itself with other matters, do we suddenly hold our breath for an instant and say to ourselves, 'Here is the house of God, and this is one of the approaches to Heaven'?"

Such a message, penetrated and infused with the very spirit of poetry, was worth the writing, and it is by these subtle, wonderful essays, filled with spiritual insight and luminous with thought, that the great Belgian author will be chiefly remembered in days to come. Meanwhile, his public is on the increase, and that recognition may be our cheerful conclusion—since not often does there come earthly recognition to one who writes ever with his eyes fixed on starry ideals.

FOX AND HOLLAND HOUSE

THE links which in this country bind history for all time to certain definite places are nowhere in evidence to so great an extent as in and round London, and the mere mention of a well-known spot is often sufficient to conjure up memories of names which have played a conspicuous part in the social or political world of long ago. Westminster, St. Paul's, Smithfield, the Adelphi—in its own way each has its retinue of fame; but probably no private residence has known a more brilliant career, both social and political, than Holland House, Kensington. Dating from 1607, it became notable about the year 1624, when the first Earl of Holland added its wings and arcades, and employed the best artists he could find to decorate its interior.

Of all the famous names—and they are many—which are associated with "Holland House," part of the beautiful grounds of which will, it is rumoured, cease to display glades of green shade and vivid flowers amid the city's expanse of grey, that of Charles James Fox is perhaps the most memorable to Englishmen. His renown eclipsed that of his father and grandfather. Sir Stephen Fox, the father of the first Baron Holland, had a large share in the founding of Chelsea Hospital—now a national institution—and was ever a philanthropist of no mean order. His son Henry, the first of the family to own Holland House, was Paymaster of the Forces, some time Secretary for War, and in general a strenuous politician whose notoriety was occasionally not altogether pleasant. To the grandson, however, was left the distinction of being mentioned by future generations of Englishmen as merely "Fox"—perhaps the highest compliment that can be paid to a man's memory. So intimately was his name bound up with affairs of State, that a complete account of his life and its influences would comprise a great part of the history of the country during his time and for many years after.

Charles James Fox was born on January 24, 1749, but not at Holland House, although during most of his early life that mansion was his home. It was at a house in Conduit Street that he first saw the light, and his infancy seems to have been surrounded by influences that would have utterly spoiled most children. His father was perhaps over-proud of him. Writing to Lady Caroline, his wife, in January, 1756 (when Charles was seven years old), he says: "I got to Holland House at seven, found all the boys very well; but, to say the truth, took more notice of Charles. I never saw him better or more merry." "Very pert and very argumentative," the boy is again described in another letter. Princess Liechtenstein, in her volume on the associations of the magnificent residence, recounts the story, which has been told and written many times, but will bear re-telling as throwing an interesting side-light on the sense of honour inculcated by Lord Holland. A wall in the grounds had been condemned as unsafe, and the promise had been made to the boy that he should witness its downfall. By chance, however, he was not present at the exciting moment, so his father actually caused the wall to be rebuilt, in order that Charles might see it demolished, and that the promise might be kept. Other anecdotes, from varied sources, show the same dangerous indulgence at the expense of judgment. He desired to break up a watch, one day. "Well," said Lord Holland, "if you must, I suppose you must!" And on another occasion, when Charles burnt an important despatch, his father is said to have simply prepared a fresh copy, without uttering a word of reproof.

Yet, in spite of treatment calculated to ruin any ordinary youngster, the boy grew up to make himself endeared to thousands by his fine personal qualities. "He possessed in the highest degree," writes Lord Lytton, "the temperament of the orator; in the union of natural passion with scholastic reasoning he excelled all who have dignified the English senate. Never did chief of a party inspire more enthusiasm among his followers, never was political sympathy more strengthened by personal affection."

It was at Holland House that Fox acted Hastings in "Jane Shore"—a play in which Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangways took the parts of the women. At

that time he was about thirteen years of age, and Sir Joshua Reynolds perpetuated his appearance at this period in a famous picture—although the boy, in a blue coat, holding a paper in his hand, looks much older than his actual age.

Fox's school education began at Wandsworth—then, of course, a detached suburb—the seminary which he attended being kept by a Frenchman named Pampellonne; afterwards Eton claimed him, and his health at that time appears to have caused his parents some anxiety. "Whenever you think London or Holland House better for Charles than Eton," writes his father to Lady Caroline, "be assured I shall like it. There is no comparison to be made between health and learning; besides that, I am sure enough for him of the latter. I wish to God I were so of the former." This worry, however, passed off, and the young man begins to show some signs of his future greatness. Lord Holland wrote from Paris in 1764, "My son Charles really deserves all that can be said of his parts, as I will convince you when I see you at Holland House. But he has what I value much more—good sense, good nature, and as many good and amiable qualities as ever met in anyone's composition."

Oxford followed Eton, and then, after a visit to Paris in 1765, Fox went at his own request to Oxford again for a final year. A curious incident occurred during this stay. One of his greatest friends at the University was Dickson (afterwards Bishop of Down). The two used to forage the booksellers' shops together, and read together the early dramatic poets. Wishing to get to London, and both being by some mischance absolutely out of funds, the two chums decided to walk the whole distance from Oxford to Holland House—nearly sixty miles—"without any expense of conveyance, lodging, or board." Not very far from Henley Fox pulled up at a country alehouse for a modest meal of bread and cheese, for the day was hot, and he was tired; but to pay for this refreshment he was obliged to leave his gold watch as security with the landlord. On reaching Holland House, he said immediately to his father, "You must send half a guinea or a guinea, without loss of time, to the alehouse-keeper at Nettlebed, to redeem the gold watch you gave me some years ago, which I left in pawn there for a pot of porter." The walk would be quite an exploit for an athlete, to say nothing of a student, but it was successfully performed.

Fox left Oxford in the spring of 1766, and his residence at Holland House for some succeeding time seems to have been rather spasmodic. Travel and amusement, the study of languages and theatricals (of both of which he was extremely fond), occupied his time until 1768; but in that year life began seriously for him. On May 10, at the age of nineteen, he was returned to Parliament as Member for Midhurst. His appearance so struck a reporter of debates in the gallery, that, in spite of the rule that no paper for notes or sketches was permitted within the House for strangers, the man tore a scrap from his shirt and rapidly outlined a portrait, which, we believe, is still preserved. From this time onward he took his place in public affairs, and the manner in which his name is inseparably interwoven with that of William Pitt is familiar to every student of English history. For some years of his later life Fox lived in Surrey, at St. Ann's Hill.

Shortly before he died, one of his biographers relates, he visited Holland House, scrutinising each familiar spot, walking through the grounds "as if he wished to carry through the gates of death the impressions engraved on his soul during his childhood." He passed away at Chiswick, on September 13, 1806; so, curiously enough, Holland House, the home of his family, saw neither his birth nor his death.

With the fortunes of Holland House other great names have been especially connected. Cromwell resided there for a few months, Penn lived there a while, Addison died there; but Charles James Fox, a man who lived life to the full whether at work or play, will always be the principal guest at its feast of memories.

REVIEWS

THE ARGUMENT FOR BEAUTY

The Ascending Effort. By GEORGE BOURNE. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

If all the discussions and discordances between philosophers and poets, between materialists and idealists, could by some chance be happily settled and harmonised, paradoxically enough it seems that we should be less happy. Imagination—that delightful fairy of our leisure moments—would have little left to brood upon, and her dreams would lose their lustre; the uttermost recesses of the idealist's universe would have been discovered and explored; faith would wane, hope would become atrophied, and half the machinery of criticism would cease to revolve. Great welfare to the world is bound up in the essays on pragmatism and kindred themes that are published so frequently in these argumentative days; abstruse and unstimulating as they may appear to the ordinary man, they have a distinct, if indirect, influence on his well-being, and are lucid and inciting to those who by training are prepared to read them.

Closely allied to this class of literature is Mr. Bourne's new volume, and we may say at once that it is a remarkable book, one to be studied slowly and with care; for although the author belongs to that rare group of idealists who can clothe their *credo* in clear and charming language, he has packed every page with thoughts that tempt the mind to digress on its own account down various pleasant and profitable byways. Because of this, and not through any fault of expression, he is at times slightly difficult to follow.

"Art and Beauty in their relation to Life" would seem to be the brief text upon which Mr. Bourne so absorbingly discourses; but so immense a subject, with its intricate, innumerable ramifications, has to be narrowed down, since no one man in a single book can hope to treat the æsthetic outlook capably. He therefore takes one line of thought and works it out cleverly and logically to its conclusion: Is art a form of energy able to set up fresh energies in our physical being? The first thing to do, obviously, is to define that mis-handled word "art," and here comes in much excellent matter. In differentiating the completed product—the picture, the poem, the statue—from the attribute itself, we have the nice discriminations of a clear thinker. "Pictures and all works of art," he says, "no doubt possess a measure of life; they are batteries cunningly charged with a sort of human electricity very potent to move us; nevertheless, the life in them is cut off from its source, and the source is what we need to examine. The finished picture can do no more than repeat its one message."

At the outset the author demonstrates how the striving for self-expression—the personality—of an individual or a race brings impressions which tend to become repeated, and thus in the end form Taste—the prime mover, as it were, of the "ascending effort":—

As the roots of a strong plant fill out a flower-pot or force their way into the crevices of a wall, the human vitality takes advantage of every opening afforded for its expansion, accommodating itself to the strangest conditions and accepting the most contorted growths, so long as there is room to grow. Yet this is but the least of the wonder. Since nature provides so few opportunities, we set ourselves to making more; we do unnecessary things, and exceed all the requirements of our environment in our eagerness to be more completely alive. Merely to meet circumstance with an adaptation that will serve contents none of us. It is misery to suffer such restriction. The longing for change, the *ennui* of the rich, the "divine discontent" of the poor, the depression and gloomy spirits of the successful business man, all tell the same tale of vitality chafing under repression. And if we grow roses, or stitch samplers, or play at cards, or collect first editions; if we seek the exhilaration of mountain-climbing or the sensation of speed in a motor-car, or stimulate our emotions at the opera, or steep our spirits in the peace that broods over the summer landscape, or make

acquaintance with the dead through their memoirs, or go about to reform the living, or to study the spectrum of a star, it is not because environment necessitates our doing these things as a condition of existence, but because we have faculties to spare which find outlet in exercises of the kind.

From this point the progression of the argument is very fine, and the reader is able to perceive how curiously the argument of a convinced idealist may lean toward a benignant practicality—we might almost risk a contradiction in terms and call it a form of spiritual materialism. "Art exists for the sake of taste and its retinue of desires"; taste feeds on the arts, but is above them all; taste, therefore, guiding inevitably our selection, laying its gentle pressure of fingers on our responsive senses, can so modify our surroundings as to transfigure, in process of time, a whole country or a whole nation. Thus we arrive at the urgency of beauty; the correctness of a building, the shape of a tree glimpsed unexpectedly in the city, the thousand possible pleasant sensations miscalled trivial—"could the world only realise how much these things mean, soothing the nerves, if not actually prolonging the life they sweeten, there would be no public authority but would be as careful of sense-comfort as of sanitation, and would have its expert advisers on the subject, so that street and high road might shed on us the benefits of beauty as we pass. A really prudent people would be greedy of beauty." We fear, though, that the day for such artistic town councillors as this implies is yet far off.

Naturally, large portions of a work such as this are tinged with psychology; the psychology of ideas is one of the author's most interesting studies. In a wonderfully attractive manner he treats of the interlacing and overlapping of ideas in the complex patterns and processes of the human mind. By reiteration, he indicates, many actions have become automatic with us which at first could only be performed by taking definite thought—this is by way of illustrating the growth of idea-power; our brains and muscles respond of themselves to the stimulus of circumstance whenever some trifling every-day action has to be done, and when the response fails we are surprised and uneasy. A sound, again, that we cannot understand worries us—we cannot refer it back to the records filed by memory, and we have to ascertain its cause at once. The temptation is strong to quote lengthily from page after page of this fascinating book, but space forbids.

In stating that the word "conscience" must, when a man of science uses it, stand for something very similar to the organic taste, we think that Mr. Bourne betrays a slight confusion of ideas. Taste has nothing whatever to do with questions of right or wrong, while conscience has little enough to do with beauty, and, in spite of the various analogies adduced in proof of the comparison, we feel that here the author has strained his point. This is the only fault we have to find in a book which has given us a great deal of pleasure, not only from the alluring nature of its theme and the distinction of its reasoning, but from the fine feeling which it shows for the niceties of the English language. It is the work of a dreamer who neither degenerates into a mystic nor betrays his faith by a compromise with materialism. In the phrase of Amiel, it is the task, lovingly undertaken, of a "spiritual philosopher," and of one who possesses that saving grace which so many philosophers seem to lack—a sense of humour. His next book, if he is inspired to give us another, will be awaited with high anticipation.

FICTION

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE MOON.

Marquess Splendid. By ANNIE O. TIBBITS. (Digby, Long, and Co. 6s.)

WHAT Meredith and Roosevelt have stated almost in a single phrase, Miss Tibbits may be said to have discovered, with subtle elaboration, in the form of a novel. *Marquess Splendid* is a young man to whom Fate has apportioned the severest test that human nature is called upon to endure.

In speaking thus, it is as well to make plain that no reference whatsoever is made to blind impulse which ranks with brute passions. The test alluded to is the test of great wealth, and not of this alone, but of high rank and honourable estate. Unlike the test of poverty, which may be held to be the common form of trial, wealth is the inherent source of discovery of man's wisdom and foolishness—of his real strength and real weakness. For the poor man is a stranger to those complex forms of temptation which endanger the rich man. Thus, character of the ordinary type is essentially unconscious in formation, in that it is arbitrarily developed. Man, in a common sense, never can be wholly free, because, in a common sense, he can never be wholly delivered from the arbitrary basis of life—that of earning his bread—which is his common inheritance. It is wealth, therefore, and, in this light, thrift and independence of character, which gives him real freedom, since, in gaining it, he emerges from his arbitrary thralldom. But this is not to say that because he obtains wealth he likewise obtains his freedom. He, though he be as rich as Cræsus, may still be a slave, if not to common desire, at least to uncommon desire. Riches bring freedom, in that they bring independence, but it is also true that riches require the handling of a wise man, and not of a fool. Thus, for a man to be wholly free, he must not only be independent, as far as freedom from all kind of labour is concerned, but he must be wise into the bargain. Otherwise—to quote the words of Meredith—he will find himself "on the wrong side of the moon." His score will be nothing but "regrets, dead dreams, burnt passions, bald illusions, and the like, the like: sunless, waterless, without a flower."

This is the grand fact which Miss Tibbits has selected for the ground-work of her story, and she manages to tell us in forcible style, together with a delicate sense of penetration, how the young Marquess of Glenavon comes nigh to reaping such a harvest of Dead Sea fruit. Her theme, of course, is by no means new or original, yet it is nevertheless re-discovered and exposed with a freshness of perception and treatment that stamps it as a work worthy of special notice. There is, for instance, a temperate limit to its appalling forms of imbecilities and abandonments—at least, where the young Marquess and his friend, Major Windross, are concerned—which speaks for a great, because natural and broad, consciousness of life. This broad ground of consciousness only needed greater, and by this we mean virile, powers of delineation to raise the work to a height of complete distinction. But genius is never to be found apart from the hard rules of logic, and this, without question, is the reason why women invariably fail in their attempts to pass the vestibule of proper classics. Their mental calibre is constitutionally deficient. Man alone possesses the powers to scale the grand heights of Parnassus. Nevertheless, woman, by the supremacy of her sympathies—that is to say, by her crowning sense of love—has been no mean follower in the steps of her lord and master. Criticism, whether favourable or otherwise, should never stray from the path of justice, so it must be clearly understood, in the dispensation of our praise to the writer of this novel, where the line of such praise finishes. Thus, whilst Miss Tibbits may be said to possess logical sympathy, she cannot, as a matter of course, be said to possess logical skill. The weak side of the Marquess of Glenavon, for instance, is depicted with rare power, because the artist is possessed of a sympathetic understanding. Hence, we get a brilliant spectacle of what Meredith has termed "the wrong side of the moon," but this is about all we do get. Our commendation ends here. It is the other or right side of the moon—that is to say, the secret of the Marquess's powers of resistance—which needed a similar power of reflection. With the true nature of life exposed with the same forcible sympathy as the false nature of life, we should, indeed, have been treated to a rare glimpse of the human soul. As it is, in our judgment of the splendid profligate, we can only conclude, to borrow the terms of Roosevelt, that the Marquess was fortunate in his weakness rather than great in

strength by the survival of the terrible ordeal which he was called upon to undergo.

If this is what the story is intended to prove, there can be no doubt about its great value and success. But if Miss Tibbits wishes us to believe in the Marquess's greatness, as well as splendour of character, then we will be silent, because silence would be our wisest course.

The Royal Americans. By MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

A CHARMING book, opening in 1756, at the time of the war in Canada, when Montcalm opened his trenches on a little log-walled fort called Fort Ontario, and there was born a little daughter to Lieutenant Yelverton amid the surroundings and the stress of war. Motherless in a few hours, the babe, thanks to an old Scotch nurse, Joanna, was, after many perils, placed in the care of Dominie Deys, a Calvinist minister at a Dutch Palatine village on the Wallkill, near the Hudson river.

Five long years go by before little Catherine Honorée sees her father, who has meantime been a prisoner of war, and has left his old regiment for the 60th Royal Americans, from whence comes the title of the book. In the words of her father, little Honorée "was born in the American wilderness, captured by the French, saved by a Frenchman (God bless him!), suckled by a savage, and aided and harried by the Dutch."

The Dominie is a sterling old man, and in the book we have pictures of many other characters of a period when life in those parts was somewhat rough and the surroundings were wild. A Quaker family with strong-drawn characters of men, women, and children, all woven into the life's history of the heroine, fill up part of the story, and the Dominie's witness as to the Quakers is that he would take a Quaker's word even in a horse deal.

Captain Yelverton, in the midst of his soldiering, does an heroic act in adopting a young girl who had been in Indian captivity and who had forgotten her own language with the exception of one line of a little French song: "*C'était un vigneron.*" Much trouble, however, is caused by this adopted daughter, who never forgets the surroundings of her childhood.

A visit to Albany to her godmother, Mrs. Schuyler, introduces our heroine to another phase of American Dutch life, followed later on by a visit to England; but Catherine, as our heroine is now called, chooses her country, and returns to America; while her father falls, by the way, in love with a young Quakeress in a very hasty and unconventional manner. Of lovers' troubles (what would love be without them?) there are plenty, but we think enough has been said to give an idea that the volume before us is well worth reading as a picture of life at a time full of interest and not very much in evidence in modern works. The book ends with the commencement of the War of Independence, in which the Captain again figures as a prisoner. There are several interesting pictures in this year's Academy illustrating events of the period dealt with in "*The Royal Americans*," although a little later in date to that of the book.

The Prince of this World. By JOSEPH HOCKING. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 3s. 6d.)

FROM the fact that "*The Prince of this World*" is the eighteenth novel by Mr. Hocking, it is safe to assume he has a public, if not a literary one—a public possessed of a Nonconformist conscience, with a taste for hearing the "hollow shams of Society" rebuked. Mr. Hocking certainly has the moral earnestness, if not the racy vocabulary, of earlier Nonconformists like Prynne, who lifted up his voice against cards as the devil's hymn-book, and the playhouse as the devil's own chapel; and there is a certain exaggeration in his attitude towards bridge, and Monte Carlo, and the pleasures of Society which is

perhaps due to lack of experience. The plot is of the simplest. Marcus Pendennis is a serious young Cornish squire, who, as is the custom in the village, attends church on Sunday morning and chapel in the evening. He feels a mission towards Esther Stormont, the daughter of an old friend of his father. Esther's "life is pure, though she lived in that region where the Prince of this World reigned"—in other words, she is a butterfly of Society, with a taste for bridge and gambling, "a selfish, pleasure-seeking human animal," as she describes herself. Marcus preaches against the artificiality of her life, and the "vapid chit-chat of Society," and finds her a ready convert. She sees in Marcus a strong man, very different from the men she has been in the habit of meeting, and it is not long before the Prince of this World is finally routed in the chapel of Pendennis, and the "morning of her life had come, the newer, nobler life had begun." The apprenticeship of his many novels might have taught Mr. Hocking not to fill up his book with such trivialities as the following conversation.

"Good morning, Mrs. Bassett! I see the trap is at the door."

"Good morning, Mr. Marcus! I hope you will enjoy your visit to London."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bassett." And Marcus went into the old porch, outside of which a man with a dog-cart waited.

"Got the traps on, Aaron?"

"Yes, sur."

For the Soul of a Witch. By J. W. BRODIE INNES. (Rebman. 6s.)

THIS is a new *genre* of historical novel. "The leading characters are, of course, fictitious," writes the author *naïvely* enough, "but there is no reason why they should not have existed. There are blanks and lacunæ in family and local history about that period, and if Beatrix and Alaidair actually lived their lives as I have dreamed, there are certain subsequent events that would be more clearly accounted for than they are!" There is much virtue in an "if," and this is not the way we now regard tantalising lacunæ in family and local history. The author, however, has contrived a wild and mysterious story, where almost everyone seems to have the gift of second sight, and the power of seeing somewhat more than the mere material envelope of things; there are mysterious happenings, mere-wolves, and witchcraft of the wildest nature on almost every page. The interest centres in Cecily Ross, who is a study of a dual personality. As Cecily Ross she is a pure, delicate, somewhat hysterical young woman, who dreams dreams and sees visions. In her secondary personality (which comes upon her at the full of the moon) she is Elspet Simpson, the gipsy witch of the Border, who glories in every form of evil, delights in lust and bloodshed and torture, and, in fact, entirely reverses her nature. Alaidair Cumming, the hero, and his uncle make a fight for the soul of this girl, but she dies on realising that her nightmare dreams are realities.

The author has wisely eschewed the familiar archaic jargon of the historical novel which is so unconvincing, but now and then the modernity of thought and language is too glaringly apparent, as when Eochain, in the sixteenth century, speaks like the latest handbook on hypnotism.

Atonement. By F. E. MILLS YOUNG. (Lane. 6s.)

THIS is essentially a tale of the passions, in which atonement is claimed to be made for a sin hardly to be judged by rational forms of distinction. Impulse is fundamentally brutal, even when it is the instrument of good instead of evil, and therein is to be found the falsity of any attempt made, by pre-conceived laws, to obliterate its consequences. The act of Stephen Harborough was a brutal act, and in this wise a blind or irresponsible transgression, as far as human intent to wickedness is con-

cerned. No amount of sophistry on the part of the soul, nor even on the part of Mr. Mills Young, can alter this fact. Harborough's conscience, indeed, was a reality, but as regards Harborough's atonement there can be no question about its absurdity. Reason is apt in understanding the chaos raised by blind forces, but Reason is never apt in laying the blame of such disorder upon itself. The sower of evil, in this instance a woman, must needs be held responsible for the harvest. Where, therefore, does Harborough's atonement come in? Sylvia Wentworth, we imagine, paid dearly for the vain sacrifice of her own honour. So utterly self abandoned was she as even to refuse the price of salvation. Harborough became morally free from guilt with that refusal, and at this point the story might well have ended. Nevertheless, Mr. Mills Young is a writer of considerable power and originality, for, with all its lack of conviction, the tale firmly grips the attention of the reader with its moving drama and easy style.

Her Honour's Pawn. By THEO RAIKES. (F. V. White. 6s.)

"HER HONOUR'S PAWN" is the romance of a promise faithfully kept. Aimée Stormont is a heroine of the old-fashioned type, "with steadfast eyes and an intellectual brow," gentian-blue eyes, and a regal head, with a coronal of golden-bronze hair. She is the daughter of George Stormont, brother of Baron Wedgwood. The ways of a barony are mysterious, and the novelist is deeply indebted to them. "This peerage is one which can be transmitted through the female line," and Aimée finds herself next in succession owing to the deaths of Lord Wedgwood and his son and daughter, who are swept away ruthlessly to make way for Aimée, the heroine. George Stormont's marriage had been an unhappy one, and he feared the influence of his wife over his daughter. Aimée therefore promises not to reveal her identity until she had passed her twenty-first birthday, and keeps her promise, in spite of all temptations, and the appearance of a new claimant. But on her twenty-first birthday all is made plain by the family lawyer. "This is the most marvellous example of conscientious honesty I have ever heard of," says Major Airlie admiringly, and his marriage with Baroness Wedgwood is not far off. The book is pleasantly written, and may be enjoyed by those who like a harmless novel of incident. The style lacks distinction, and we are told that "Albert Edward was not depressed by a slight tendency to accumulate adipose tissue," and expected to find such verbiage humorous.

Daisy's Aunt. By E. F. BENSON. (Thos. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

"DAISY HANBURY poked her parasol between the bars of the cage with the amiable intention of scratching the tiger's back." So opens this book, which apparently chronicles the doings of what is known as smart society people. If it is a faithful representation of their ways and language, one has no more to say, except that the book can be of no interest to those outside the magic circle if it is to those within it. Perhaps some excuse might be made on the ground of the cheapness of the volume, but even purchasers of cheap literature want something for their money. Arranging the placing of the guests at dinner requires the heroine to sit on the floor with a peerage and a sheet of paper and pencil; and dressing for dinner is thus described by Daisy's Aunt, who announces that a quarter of an hour is enough for any nimble woman (to dress) with a competent maid. "She throws things at me, and I catch them and put them on," she said. "If I don't like them I drop them, and the floor of the room looks rather like carnival-time until she clears up." The book is well printed and well bound, but does not come up to the standard of the other volumes of the same series, or to the author's previous works. The very small section of society whose ways and language may be similar in taste to those of the characters in this work may like it,

and we leave it to them to pass, perhaps, a different judgment on the book from their standpoint.

A Candidate for Danger. By EVELYN SHERWOOD. (Melrose. 6s.)

MISS SHERWOOD makes much ado about nothing, and she does it in a very ordinary way. People who seek popularity may not be wise, but wisdom, it would appear, has gone to the dogs, for popularity rules in everything to-day. The way it rules in society has been told times out of number, so that Miss Sherwood's book, which deals with this form of Demos's heaven, is rather unwarrantable. Had she had something fresh to tell us, or something singular about the old, or even possessed a talent herself for authorship, it might have been different; but it is impossible, with a work like this, to give it other than a common or small value.

SOME ASPECTS OF MOROCCO

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

No. II.—MOULAI EL HAFID'S PROBLEM.

IN any study of Moroccan affairs it is always well to bear in mind that there are two distinct factors in the problem, and that the settlement of the one is almost certain to cause the unsettlement of the other. They are: (1) The Sultan must consent to the terms of the Powers; (2) his policy towards Europe must be sufficiently independent to please his subjects. The Powers have invariably tried to solve the Moroccan question with a view to maintaining the peace of Europe, not with the idea of restoring the internal peace of Morocco, or of strengthening the central authority of the Maghzen. It is the desire of Europe to find a *modus vivendi* whereby each of the Powers may pursue its commercial interests without arousing the jealousy and mistrust of its neighbours. It was the desire of all parties to find a peaceful settlement, and to remove the storm-clouds which continually threatened Europe, which led to the passing of the Act of Algeciras. The Act was really the work of Germany, and was intended to ensure for all time the independence of Morocco, to prevent France from carrying into effect her territorial ambitions and gradually colonising Morocco, as she had colonised Algeria. The Act was meant (1) to guarantee the future of Morocco as an independent State; (2) to prevent any one Power acquiring commercial and territorial rights and privileges to the detriment of others; (3) to introduce administrative and financial reforms which would be beneficial to Morocco; (4) to protect European lives and property against sudden fanatical outbursts. Its leading provisions were the establishment of a State Bank; the policing of the coast towns; the limitation of the rights of foreigners to acquire land; to ensure in a manner most beneficial to Morocco the carrying out of all public works. The State Bank gives the three interested Powers—England, France, and Germany—the right to participate equally in the raising of Government loans, and was designed to prevent any one Power from acquiring exclusive control of the finances of the country. The Act has worked admirably as between the Powers, and it has practically put an end to quarrels and disputes between France and Germany. But although the Act of Algeciras has been instrumental in preserving the peace of Europe, it acted as a bombshell amongst the mass of inflammable fanaticism which was ready to explode in Morocco. It set the seal to Abdul Aziz's unpopularity, and led up to the loss of his throne. He was accused of having sold his country to the foreigner, of having squandered the finances, and of having accepted any terms which Europe liked to offer to him.

The problem of the future is: Can a Sultan, bent on the same mission, but cast in a sterner mould, succeed where Abdul Aziz has failed? The regeneration of the old-world dynasties, which have fallen into decay in the course of ages, is no doubt essential to the progress of

civilisation and for the welfare of mankind at large; but there is something rather sad in contemplating the process of transformation. If a nation which was once great becomes feeble and lags behind on the road of progress, it does not follow that all in the lives and institutions of the people is necessarily bad or rotten, and requires sweeping away before a new edifice can be built. Much that is excellent survives from former times. There are the local habits, traditions, and practices of religion, which have formed the mainspring of the life of the nation in the days of its greatness, and by which the character of its people was formed and the conduct of their life guided. But civilisation is ruthless, and affects not only the material but also the mental and intellectual life of a semi-barbarous people. A virgin land is never the same once the engineer has waged his successful struggle with nature, and the soldier is installed to keep the peace. Surely it is to be regretted that some of the finest of nature's unclaimed gardens cannot be left in their natural state to delight the traveller and to bring relief to the overtaxed nerves of the dwellers in crowded cities.

Morocco, of all countries, deserves to be preserved untouched, because nowhere in the world is the contrast between civilisation and barbarism more sharply defined than by what the voyager sees in Gibraltar, and then in Morocco, only two hours' steam across the Straits. The savage Orientalism is refreshing, and the change acts as a tonic. But, unfortunately, a country as rich in natural wealth as Morocco cannot hope to escape for ever from the unwelcome attentions of the great Powers, ever on the look-out for fresh markets for their goods, and for new homes for their expanding populations. The problem, which the future alone can decide, is, can Morocco work out her own salvation, or how far must it be accomplished for her by foreign bayonets and foreign brains? The problem is a difficult one, and is further complicated by the recent movement towards constitutional government and social reform in Turkey, Persia, India, and Egypt. The year 1908 will surely go down to history as the beginning of the epoch of Mohammedan constitutionalism throughout the world. But up to the present time the agitation has hardly been felt farther west than Egypt, although signs of unrest have not been wanting in Algeria, where the new conscription law caused grave discontent. Are the Mohammedans of Algeria and Morocco as capable of self-government as the Turks are proving themselves to be?

Then let us consider the position of Moulay el Hafid. The last stage in his official recognition as Sultan of Morocco was reached when he accepted the Franco-Spanish Note in its revised form. But this does little towards settling the eternal Moroccan question, or towards restoring permanent peace to that distracted land. It commits Hafid definitely to a line of policy which cost Abdul Aziz his throne, and the question which the future must answer is: Can Hafid govern Morocco contrary to the expressed wishes of the majority of his subjects? For this is what he has pledged himself to do by his acceptance of the Franco-Spanish Note. The Sultan's position is one of extreme difficulty and delicacy, and he must now regard the actions of his brother Abdul Aziz, which enabled him to make his successful bid for the throne, with far more leniency than he did a year ago. Hafid is beginning to ask himself seriously if he will be able to wear the crown which he has won so honourably, and enjoy the fruits of his well-earned victory. Already he has been obliged to do many things which have estranged his former comrades and supporters from his side. It is no secret in Fez that the two great Caids of the south, the Glaui and Si-Aissa-Ben-Omar, who were responsible above all others for putting Hafid on the throne, are far from satisfied with the trend of events, and both have refused to return to the capital, preferring to dwell in fanatical seclusion and solitude in their mountain-fastnesses. The people of Fez are even more dissatisfied, for they consider they have been deceived and betrayed. They accepted Hafid as their Sultan on a strict understanding,

and now they find his public actions are as blameworthy as were his predecessor's, whatever his personal character may be. Therefore, when the opportunity occurs, the people of Fez will be just as ready to rebel against Moulay el Hafid as they were against Abdul Aziz, or as their ancestors were against Hakam, and it is already freely rumoured that Hafid would have left the capital but for the fear of an outbreak. But Hafid is not to be blamed—rather is he to be pitied. He started with the best and most patriotic intentions, but he has run up against the most impassable of all barriers—the steady, irresistible advance of civilisation and commercial development.

No longer is it possible for semi-barbarous communities to remain isolated from their uncongenial but progressive neighbours, and Hafid finds he must march hand-in-hand with Europe wheresoever she chooses to lead him, or else he must re-tread that dreary path which brought him from obscurity to power. If it is impossible for an Arab to free himself for a moment from his belief in predestination, Hafid must now be a disappointed and disillusioned man. He has done everything in his power, but the tide of time has proved too strong for him. He tried to breast it, now he finds he must swim with it or go under. The lack of sincerity in, and the resulting failures of, German policy in Morocco have shattered the Sultan's carefully laid plans, and now he is faced by the disagreeable necessity of making the best terms he can with the avowed enemies of himself and his people. Hafid hoped to consolidate his position by playing off the Powers against one another, and by working on their ill-disguised jealousies. The quarrel between France and Germany was to be the cornerstone of Morocco's independence. Dr. Vassel's early arrival in Fez encouraged Hafid, and tended to confirm him in his belief that he could count on Germany's support. He hoped and expected that war would break out between France and Germany, and these hopes ran high at the time of the Casa Blanca incident. "Surely," he would say, "there will be war now. Why do they not fight?" But no war followed. One after another he saw German actions in direct contradiction to German words, and gradually his faith was shattered. Germany's abandonment of Turkey in the Balkan crisis irremediably weakened her influence in Morocco, and the finishing touch was put by the celebrated interview in the *Daily Telegraph*, which was well known in Fez and eagerly discussed. Hafid saw he must change his policy before it was too late, and come to terms with France, or else run the risk of being abandoned by his enemies. French policy, after Hafid's recognition became inevitable, was far more skilful and successful than it was prior to the defeat of Abdul Aziz. Having made the inconceivable blunder of supporting a cause which the merest tyro in Moroccan affairs knew was hopelessly lost, and of rejecting the friendly overtures made by Hafid at the very beginning of his campaign, they wisely decided to regain their influence and prestige, not by any forward policy of their own, but by relying on the non-fulfilment of the promises of their rival. Thus the French Government took no steps to counteract the influence of Dr. Vassel at Fez. They realised that German influence must decline with the failure of Germany to redeem her pledges. Meanwhile, France quietly set to work to remind Hafid that she was indispensable to his welfare, and could make his position intolerable unless he chose to agree to her terms.

THE THEATRE

THE London theatre season has been brought to an end by the complete and absolute failure of the so-called Repertory Theatre, and the productions of "Priscilla Runs Away" at the Haymarket and "Billy's Bargain" at the Garrick. So far as the production of native original work goes, it has been an abortive season. Mr. Somerset Maugham, who had written a charming little comedy with a new idea in "Smith," attempted to be serious. He was badly served by his leading lady, and the play was gloomy

and written round a set of characters who are scrupulously avoided in everyday life by the ordinary playgoer, who does not consider it necessary to pay to make their acquaintance in the theatre. "The O'Flynn," upon which Sir Herbert Tree lavished money and imagination in his usual prodigal manner, would have drawn all London had it been played as a burlesque. Mr. Anstie's very amusing and ingenious farce ran through last season into this, and was a boon and a blessing to healthy playgoers. Mr. Holman Clark added to his high reputation by an extremely able and almost poetic piece of acting. "The Brass Bottle" must, however, be placed to the credit of last season. Of "The Naked Truth" there is little to be said. Mr. Hawtrey keeps it alive on his personality. The only thing to Mr. Waller's credit is a revival of "The Rivals," which gave Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Leonard Boyne an opportunity to show how old English comedy should be acted. Mr. Waller's other attempts have evoked pity, but no support. Mr. Fred Terry continues to be popular in his best Wilson Barrett manner. "The Whip," at Drury Lane, has done almost as well as, if not better than, "The Bad Girl of the Family" at the Aldwych, for precisely the same reasons.

The two satisfactory features of the season have been the success of the revival of Oscar Wilde's inimitable comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest" at the St. James's Theatre, and of Mr. Arthur Pinero's clever play, "Trelawny of the Wells," at the Duke of York's. The latter revival has proved beyond all question that the work of the "old-fashioned" dramatist is more palatable to the taste of the public than the painfully peculiar pieces of the self-styled "new" dramatists—Mr. Shaw, Mr. Barker, and Mr. Galsworthy. The latest efforts of these writers who have done brilliantly in the past were found to be more suited to the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room or to the matinée performances of a studiously bizarre society than to the regular stage. All that can be said of the Repertory Theatre is that it emerged from a cloud of preliminary paragraphs, not for the reproduction of worthy plays, but as a place in which new pieces might be tried upon the public with a view to seeing which of them could remain in the bill for a run. With the exception of "The Twelve-pound Look," a brilliant piece of work by Mr. Barrie, all the new pieces were from the pen of those of our writers who obstinately refuse to recognise the fact that the theatre must have plays, and not conversations and treatises which are wholly and completely undramatic in treatment and idea. The "old-fashioned" dramatist, therefore, rises Phoenix-like out of the ashes of the Duke of York's newness, and the "new" dramatist, who is not a dramatist, is relegated once more to newspaper controversy and the Socialistic platform. This is good.

Several other theatres relied upon adaptations and translations from the French. Miss Ethel Irving gave further exhibitions of hysteria in "Dame Nature," and played a Frenchwoman with an Irish accent. Mr. Arthur Bouchier has appeared in two extremely feeble and inane adaptations, and has broken a record, in that he has caused amazement among intelligent people. It is difficult to believe that there has ever been produced outside Hanwell a thing so peculiarly foolish as "Parasites." Of "Glass Houses" nothing can be said, except that it proves that managers stand as much in need of training as leading actors.

Musical plays have been as successful as usual. This is not a thing to be wondered at. Astute managers who have discovered that the British public likes to get as much for its money as it can, and goes to the theatre for relaxation and amusement and not for exhibitions of vivisection or inferior acting by well-known people, provide bright stuff with catchy tunes, and reap their reward.

Of the plays which failed to attract, the one which deserved better of the public was Mr. Carton's "Lorrimer Sabiston, Dramatist." In all probability it was put to death by its title. It was a delicate, satirical, and delightful piece of work, in which the dramatist was particularly well served by the company. Mr. Alexander

gave a charming performance, but found the lines too many to memorise. Mr. Lowne proved again that he possesses a very valuable sense of character, and Miss Beryl Faber convinced everyone, except the managers, that there is a leading lady in London who has all the attributes of a great actress—intelligence, technique, personality, and magnetism.

THE LONDON SALON

THE Committee of the Third London Salon of the Allied Artists' Association, Ltd., express a regret in their catalogue that the number of exhibits this year does not come up to their expectations. We are afraid that we cannot share their sorrow. To examine critically some twelve hundred odd exhibits in one day is a sufficient trial, even in the most favourable circumstances; but when, in addition, it is necessary to wander about the Albert Hall and risk one's neck climbing over chairs to get at some of the pictures, the task is already almost superhuman. It may be that these adverse conditions have slightly jaundiced our purview, but, at any rate, we left the hall with the idea that the dreary show of unimaginative, uninspired art was usurping the most cherished prerogative of the Royal Academy. With one solitary exception, there is not—at least, as far as the pictures are concerned—a single glimpse of even embryo genius in the whole lot. The example that proves the rule is the work of a young man whose untimely death has robbed the world of one who promised to become a great artist. Caron Oliver Lodge possessed imagination and skill; his line work was as sure and graceful as Watteau, while his interpretation of his own dreams was instinct with real horror and fear. His death is a loss to art. But looking over the remainder, it is a matter of surprise how many mediocrities dub themselves artists. At the most five per cent. of the exhibitors call for any attention at all, and a good half of them are to be noted more for their faults than their virtues.

In portraiture there are but three artists whose work deserves better surroundings. C. Goldsborough Anderson's two male portraits show exceptional strength and power; Clewin Harcourt's two works are of the other sex, and are painted with grace and skill, while the third is W. Howard Robinson. His portrait of a lady is not up to his best work, but "Captain Hutton" is an almost speaking likeness; while his subject picture, "The Enchanted Forest," is painted with a charm and skill that does ample justice to its title.

Inspired subject pictures are, on the whole, conspicuously absent. The few which are shown, such as Horace Taylor's and Christopher Stevens's efforts, would be better omitted. Poor in drawing, garish in colour, and deficient in taste, they are absolutely unattractive. A subject picture, entitled "The Gate of Valhalla," equally badly painted, quite defeats the understanding. What D. Bridgman Metchim means by his burning ship and detrunated horse's head is an insoluble mystery.

The landscapes are for the most part poor, several artists being far too blatant in their colouring. If they would only study Sargent they would realise that a contrast between light and shade, even in Italy, does not entail garish greens or anæmic yellows. Among the best exhibits are Harold Power's three delightful sketches: An excellent landscape after the style of Matthew Maëris, by C. Ross Burnett; "Gloom and Glitter," by Alfred Cadman, in which the distance is very fine indeed; "Winter Heavens," by Enid Hay; "The Gornier Glacier," by C. J. Way; a sketch of Hampstead Heath, by Gertrude M. Curtis, who unfortunately does not show the same skill in her finished work; and "The Severn," after the style of Crome, by Florence Woollard.

The best section is the statuary, where the work is all good, notably a fine head by G. Haughton, and a delightful model of a Scotch terrier playing with a crab, by Mabel Hastings.

ROYAL HENLEY

HENLEY, once more wearing its welcome gala aspect, looked its very best during the frequent bright intervals with which the opening days of the regatta were favoured. A heavy programme was carried out with all that exactitude for which the stewards of this famous meeting have become celebrated. The crews engaged in the various contests were, taken as a whole, distinctly above the average. As usual, no pains or expense had been spared in ministering to the convenience of the competitors and the numerous spectators. The glamour of the familiar scene led the visitor to realise in its full intensity the "pity of it"—that it should have come to such a desperate pass that, in default of a more generous response in the matter of subscriptions, either the Regatta must perish or funds must be raised in the odious form of a tax. It is certainly a curious and distressing reflection that those who fondly imagine themselves to belong to the most sporting nation in the world should be content to be allowed to watch the racing year after year in comfort without contributing to the Regatta funds. It is, however, a fact that the contributions as at present made are hopelessly inadequate, and it is most fervently to be desired that visitors to the Regatta will awake to that fact in time.

This year's racing has been, generally speaking, of a very high order, and produced many most sensational finishes—in fact, anything more than a length's lead at the finishing post was quite the exception. Upon the second day's racing, indeed, there were no less than three finishes in which six feet or less separated the two boats, and in a heat of the Grand Challenge Cup Thames and Jesus College (Cambridge) were actually within two feet of each other, the latter proving victorious only after a terrific struggle. A very popular crew at this year's Regatta was that of the Royal Engineers' Yacht Club, which, it should be known, practises under most adverse conditions. They rowed with enormous life and pluck, and are gifted with the faculty of being able to get the very last ounce of work out of themselves.

Our foreign friends and relatives were strongly represented in all events save the eight-oared. Most comment was excited by the Winnipeg four for the Stewards', and the Dutch pair. The physique of the Continental crews is strikingly good. The German four contained no less than three men weighing over 14 st. Thames had no difficulty at all with the Leander four, and finished very fresh in good time. The holders of the Ladies' Plate—St. John's College, Oxford—improved considerably during the last stage of training, and defeated Lady Margaret after a terrific race in the last fifty yards, but succumbed to Balliol on the third day. The Old Westminsters' four for the Wyfold was extremely welcome at Henley, but did not quite fulfil the expectations formed of them in their race against Trinity Hall. It is greatly to be desired that not only will this club continue to appear annually, but that many other old boys' clubs will be formed. There is absolutely no reason why this should not be so, and their presence would greatly benefit the cause of rowing. Universal sympathy will be felt with McCulloch, who was a hot favourite for the Diamonds, but was called away at the eleventh hour by the serious illness of his child.

It may not be out of place to make a few remarks here upon the burning question of style. In the first place, it is universally conceded that no English crew has so far succeeded in mastering the true Belgian style. What passes for such is in reality a not too successful imitation. Fortunately or unfortunately, according to the point of view taken, the exponents of that style—namely, the Rowing Club de Gand—are not with us this year, but the effect of their previous appearances is apparent everywhere, one crew having, in fact gone to the length of placing themselves under the tuition of a Belgian coach. Apart from this extreme instance, the slighter modifications of the old orthodox English style are very numerous, and with only one or two exceptions it is practically impossible to-day to point to any crew as an example of that style, pure and unadulterated. It is a good thing, however, and food for

serious reflection, that the English school of rowing should at this late hour of the day still be open to conviction and willing to adopt such features of other styles as prove themselves to be of genuine merit when tested in the stern arena of actual contest. That there is something to be said for what passes as the Belgian manner is almost self-apparent from the fact that Anglian, by no means a good crew according to traditional standards, once again won their way right into the final of the Thames Cup.

The most interesting result of the third day's racing was the magnificent way in which the Winnipeg four beat their Thames opponents in the Stewards'. Thames rowed thoroughly well and pluckily right to the finish, but they most certainly met their match in the Canadians, upon whom there thus devolved the duty of upholding the honour of the Anglo-Saxon race against their Teutonic rivals. Eton turned out a fine eight, and easily vanquished First Trinity, who had themselves previously beaten New.

A very fine sculling race was witnessed between Kinnear and Dewar, the former eventually winning against his plucky but light adversary, and accordingly qualifying to meet the German representative, Lucas, against whom Edye showed no inclination to fight. The powerful German four won with some ease against the Dutchmen, themselves a strong combination, and thus in every way one was enabled to realise how closely we must defend our title against our visitors from across the water, since on the last day no less than four foreign representatives competed.

The finals, although decided in miserable weather, provided splendid sport. Trinity won the Wyfold in nice style, London proving doughty antagonists. Eton scored a very popular victory over Balliol for the Ladies' Challenge Plate. Most popular of all perhaps was the success of Kinnear over Lucas, of the Mainzer Rowing Club, for the Diamonds. Kinnear had the race well in hand from the start. The Grand Challenge Cup, after a good struggle by Jesus, fell to Magdalen. The victory of Winnipeg, achieved in splendid style over Mainzer Ruder for the Stewards', was well received.

Of the other races, the best appreciated was the victory of Leander over the Dutchmen for the Goblets and Nickalls Challenge Cup.

So ended Henley of 1910, glorious from the racing point of view—an oarsman's triumph; damped, indeed, but not marred, by intolerable atmospheric conditions.

HOLLAND HOUSE

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW.

HERE indeed was a magnificent show of the best flowers and fruit that England can produce, with a brilliant company welcoming an opportunity of seeing, under the best conditions, a rare collection of the gifts of Flora and Pomona, the wealth of which it is impossible here to speak of with any great detail. A few only can be noticed in a display which was all beauty.

Water gardens and rock gardens are evidently becoming greater favourites with the public every day, and certainly this form of gardening is continually increasing in popularity. The Japanese garden of Messrs. Carter, improved and completed after the experience of the Temple Show, was much admired, as likewise a magnificent exhibition of gloxinias by the same firm—cut blooms arranged in the form of a huge bouquet, and giving the opportunity of seeing their gorgeous colouring much better than in the ordinary way in which these flowers are usually shown. The rock and water garden of Messrs. Wallace, of Colchester, which occupied one side of No. 1 tent, was in itself alone worth a visit to Holland Park. It was something quite out of the common, and a distinct advance on anything yet shown in exhibitions, an example, it is to be hoped, which will be emulated in the future. The Iris Kemperi were especially beautiful. A great feature of the show was the exhibition of sweet peas. Splendid specimens of these very popular flowers were shown by

Dobbies Limited, Beardmore, Alsen, and others. A glorious display of fruit by the Duke of Portland, and a smaller one by Mr. Heilbert, of Maidenhead, also showed what can be produced even in this inclement climate.

Messrs. Paul and Sons had a most charming rose, which they have christened "Juliet," a sort of old gold, blooming in summer and autumn with a delicious fragrance, a triumph in its way which is sure to be popular amongst all rose-lovers. At present its price is rather prohibitive. Messrs. Barr and Sons had a charming display of delphiniums, which were much admired.

A very beautiful new carnation, shown by Messrs. Outbush, with colour somewhat like the new rose Juliet, has been named "Juliana," in compliment to an early purchaser of a plant for presentation to the little Princess Juliana, the daughter of the Queen of Holland. A gold medal was awarded to Messrs. Outbush for their show of carnations. Of course, there was the usual magnificent display of orchids, a class by themselves.

The financial results are, we are informed, very good, the receipts on the first day being largely in excess of the previous show.

LAUGHTER

It was recognised clearly in olden times—perhaps more clearly than it is to-day—that the note of laughter held an important position in the gamut of the emotions. The jester, with his cap and bells, his motley clothing, his quips and cranks and doggerel rhymes, illumined with his rays of sunny wit the clouded hours of king and court, and was treated indulgently even when he ventured to tread on the toes of the most exalted personages in the assembly; he took rank as a privileged subject, albeit the tenure of a vocation so flippant was none too secure. It was the somewhat pathetic duty of the clown to play up to the clumsiest persiflage, to cap the most trivial remark, to adorn with his frills, as it were, the barest bones of ordinary men's conversation. Weak and thin retorts and forced witticisms have come down to us in plenty from the professional fools of song and story; Shakespeare's men of the cock's-comb were not free from this charge, although it is necessary to remember before we condemn that the printed riposte loses three-fourths of its effect—the flash of eyes, the quaint grimace, the merry mood of the company, all combine to float the smallest joke on the waters of popular approval. Prettily enough at times, however, they managed that "quick venue of wit" which was the delight of Armado: "a sweet touch—snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect," said he. "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit," cried the clown in "Twelfth Night," begging leave from Olivia to prove her a fool "dexterously." He asks her why she mourns; receiving the answer that she grieves on account of her brother's death, he says: "I think his soul is in hell, madonna." Quoth she, angrily, "I know his soul is in heaven, fool." "The more fool you, madonna," retorts the clown, "to mourn for your brother's soul, being in heaven." It takes a clever man to act the acceptable jester. "This fellow's wise enough to play the fool," observed Viola; and his queer twisted arguments were certainly informed with a curious, cynical wisdom. He avers he is "the better for his foes and the worse for his friends," for, he remarks, friends "praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly that I am an ass, so that by my foes, sir, I profit by the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused." Who has not chuckled over the inimitable Touchstone and his humorous dissertations on the subject of quarrelling? "We quarrel in print, by the book," says he, and proceeds to enumerate the various stages of a disagreement: the Retort courteous, the Quip modest, the Reply churlish, the Reproof valiant, the Counterscheck quarrelsome, the Lie with circumstance, and the Lie direct. "All these you may avoid but the Lie direct, and you may avoid that, too, with an *If*. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*."

The days of these licensed purveyors of banter are past, but in our modern life there occur legitimate and laudable occasions for absurdity and laughter which we cannot afford to disregard, serving purposes by no means ignoble; and the laughter so gained is of the purest and most recuperative description. We take more thought to-day than we did even a few years back to encourage the risible faculty of the child, despite our formidable developments in the way of education and examinations. The distinguished philosopher or eminent politician who is caught on all fours underneath the nursery table emitting fearsome growls for the edification of certain small members of his family has no need to blush, and when the pseudo-lion or grizzly bear is safely despatched with toy-gun or wooden sword he can rely upon it that he has died a glorious, if somewhat easy, death in the cause of pleasant frivolity. The laugh of a child is one of the loveliest things on earth, and the absurdities of childhood are not fit themes for men's scorn, since to the child they are temporary realities. The grown-up person whose fun lies in this direction should as a preliminary process of regeneration be looked in a room full of children, where by turns he might be hailed as a Red Indian with a scalping-knife, a tiger whose lair was the toy-cupboard, or might run risks of being turned into a crocodile by the queen of the revels. He would gather the information that the child, when he laughs at you, is merely tickled—his amusement is free from bitterness, unadulterated with that reprehensible satisfaction which arises (if we are not careful to check it) at the sight of another man's predicament.

With this contradictory kind of pleasure, which is apt to spring up in us when other people are in absurd dilemmas, must be bracketed that keen dread of being made to look ridiculous which is inherent in humanity. Dignity is the very last attribute to be discarded; the veriest tramp resents undue attempts to poke fun at him, and the fear of being laughed at is one of the most potent of the forces that keep our civilisation in a condition of stable equilibrium. Many a man who would dare the law and the police is restrained to circumspect behaviour when he thinks of the smile which would go round among his friends, or the snigger which would come from a thousand people whom he has never seen, for whose opinion he cares really nothing. Such laughter, however—laughter corrupted by a sneer—is unworthy of the name.

The brusque, cheery fellow, whose laugh lays the army of the day's petty annoyances flat on its back, gasping, whose grip of the hand is worth a week's holiday and the doctor's pills and potions as a make-weight, whose eyes are creased with little railway-maps of merriment, who is not above waving to you from the top of a 'bus' or the apron of his cab—he is the man for our good company of laughs. Be he a porter or a merchant prince, clerk or captain of a liner, it matters little; it is very well worth while to meet him. Does his money go—he has his health; does his health fail—there's his money; are both health and money missing—well, hang it (he would probably say) he is alive, with a kick or two left yet. Why worry? More welcome is this brother Cheeryble where men congregate than his dour opponent of the solemn visage and lax, lingering handshake—who should have been born a crustacean with a hard carapace against which the pellets of time and trouble he now collects so glutinously might thwack in vain. What miseries he suffers from dread of evils that never come—that never will come!

The surest sign of the possession of the genuine sense of humour is its concomitant sympathy with pain; Lamb, Hood, Dickens—all the great humorists—were keenly alive to the spirit of tears. But there is no drowning the Comic Spirit, once a man learns its likeness—"the sage's brows, and the sunny malice of a faun lurking at the corners of the half-closed lips." Damp down the fires of risibility and men become dull dogs; the "whiffing, husky cackinnation" abhorred by Carlyle takes the place of the hearty peal as of Teufelsdröckh's single explosion; or, worse still, we see the bored smile, the sarcastic grin. Our laughter, to follow the words of that Master of the Comic

Spirit whose departure we ever mourn, should be "finely tempered, showing sunlight of the mind, mental richness rather than noisy enormity." Then shall we convey to others, in our peregrination through the highways and byways, a little of that splendid and needful hilarity which is to the wheels of life as oil to the complicated machine—lessening the friction, and prolonging its period of usefulness and wearing powers.

CORRESPONDENCE

"FESTUS" BAILEY, LL.D.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. E. Wake Cook, appears an enthusiast for my old acquaintance, Mr. Philip James Bailey, and quotes Tennyson and Rossetti in support of his opinion that he was a Colossus in the realm of poetry.

May I mention a letter of mine in the *Bath Chronicle* recording the poet's death, at eighty-six years of age, in 1902, referring to a former letter in THE ACADEMY of May 11, 1901, wherein I told the manner of our first chance meeting in 1872 at Villa Belvedere, Castellamare, near Naples, thirty years before? His letter of response to the last will surely be more interesting to Mr. Cook and others than mine, so I append it below:—

The Elms, Ropewalk Park, Nottingham,
May 20, 1901.

DEAR MR. MERCER,—Be kind enough to accept the thanks of thirty years or thereabouts in what may be called "deferred annuities." But, although I had several times met your name in connection with literary matters, I could not be certain in the absence of an address, and my name might be utterly unknown to yourself, along with the circumstances which by a nearly fatal accident brought us together at the same table at Castellamare. My wife always gave me to understand that, though in the midst of momentary confusion, it was you who had the promptitude to send without a moment's delay for the nearest medical man. On his arrival he immediately ordered the application of refrigeratives, and accordingly, as there was no ice to be had, but plenty of snow, my head was soon enveloped in manifold bandages of that candid element, and so effectually that you would scarcely be surprised to see very considerable relics of that welcome restorative. Our journey after my recovery was continued to Sorrento, but the picturesque cliffs, the orangeries, and possibly the saddening associations of the place, though all more or less interesting, could not remove my desire to return home. At Venice we met Sir E. J. Reed in St. Mark's Place along with several of his family, which was a pleasant reunion for Mrs. Bailey. Then followed Paris, London, Nottingham, and Whitby—but I must not tire you. Receive again my warmest thanks for kindnesses while I live, and for the kindly spirit which dictated your communication to THE ACADEMY.

(Signed) PHILIP JAS. BAILEY.

Later on the venerable poet sent me the last edition of his "Festus," also his photograph, which I treasure among my jewels.

I cannot prolong any further details of Mr. Bailey, as copying documents is not my strongest point.

WILLIAM MERCER.

"POETS' SONGS AND MUSIC."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. Hale's letter in your last issue—with which we are in cordial agreement—perhaps you will allow us to say that music publishers do deplore the "poor stuff" that is supposed to be good enough to be set to music, and that a member of this Society, Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, Jr., the clever son of a famous father, has taken the matter up, and is endeavouring to raise the standard, and, by acting as a lyric agent, to secure the setting of really poetical verse in place of "the silly twaddle" which disgraces our songs. Incidentally, Mr. Graves has had set to suitable music a number of the beautiful lyrics and folk-songs contained in Mr. Alfred Williams' remarkable "Songs in Wiltshire," and, as part of his campaign, has offered to make a selection from the verses submitted by members of this Society.

THE DIRECTOR.

The Poetry Society,
Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Revolt of Protectionists in Germany against Their own Tariff.* Cassell and Co. 1d.
East Coast Holidays. Superintendent G.E.R. Gratis.
Wake Up, England! Being the Amazing Story of John Bull—Socialist. By Edward Prince. St. Stephen's Press. 6d. net.
Garden Allotments. By J. Wright, V.M.S. Illustrated. London Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d.
Spark Spectra of the Metals. By Charles E. Gissing, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 7s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

- Elements of Negro Religion, being a Contribution to the Study of Indo-Bantu Comparative Religion.* By W. J. Edmondston-Scott. Frontispiece. Edmondston-Scott and Co., Edinburgh. 6s. net.
Tales and Maxims from the Talmud. Selected, Arranged and Translated, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Samuel Rapaport. Together with "An Essay on the Talmud" by the late Emanuel Deutsch. George Routledge and Sons. 5s. net.

LEGAL

- The Justice's Note-Book, containing a Short Account of the Jurisdiction and Duties of Justices, and an Epitome of Criminal Law.* By the late W. Knox Wigram, J.P. Ninth Edition by Charles Milner Atkinson. Stevens and Sons. 7s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

- A History of the United States and its People from their Earliest Records to the Present Time.* By Elroy McKendree Avery. Vol. VII. Illustrated. Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland, U.S.A.
A Century and a Half of the House of Berger. By Thomas B. Berger. Illustrated. Waterlow and Sons.
Les Civilisations Préhelléniques dans le Bassin de la Mer Egée; Etudes de Protohistoire Orientale. By René Dussaud. Illustrated. Paul Geuthner, Paris. 12 francs.
A Turning Point in the Indian Mutiny. By J. Giberne Sieveking. Illustrated. David Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.
History of Reconstruction in Louisiana. By John Rose Ficklen. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, U.S.A.
Irish Conspiracies, Recollections of John Mallon, and other Reminiscences. By Frederick Moir Bussey. Illustrated. Everett and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

FICTION

- Atonement.* By F. E. Mills Young. John Lane. 6s.
The Prince of this World. By Joseph Hooking. Illustrated. Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.
For the Soul of a Witch: A Romance of Dadenoch. By J. W. Brodie-Innes. Rebusman. 6s.
Captain Fraser's Profession. By John Strange Winter. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
The Wife of Arthur Lorraine. By E. Everett-Green. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
Rags. By Arthur Applin. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
Deborah's Life. By James Blyth. F. V. White and Co. 1s. net.

VERSE

- Merry Tales, and Three Shrovetide Plays.* By Hans Sachs. Now first done into English Verse by William Leighton. Portrait-Frontispiece. David Nutt. 6s. net.
Hesper-Phosphor, and Other Poems. By John Wm. Scholl. George Wahr, Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A.
Bonbons. By F. P. Savinien. Broadway Publishing Co., New York.
The Poems of Cynewulf. Translated into English Prose by Charles W. Kennedy, Ph.D. With an Introduction, Bibliography, and Facsimile Page of the Vercelli MS. George Routledge and Sons. 6s.

PERIODICALS

- Mind, a Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy; Blackwood's Magazine; Contemporary Review; Home Counties Magazine; The Antiquary; St. Nicholas; Bird Notes and News; The Connoisseur; The Country Home; The School World; The Publishers' Circular; The University Correspondent and Educational Review; The Author; London University Gazette; The Empire Gazette; The Amateur Photographer; The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine; The Empire Review; The Book Monthly; Cambridge University Reporter; The Popular Magazine; Le Français phonétique; The Conservator, Philadelphia, U.S.A.; Revue Bleue; The Biblot; The Englishwoman; Mercure de France; United Empire, the Royal Colonial Institute Journal; Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement.*

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